

business further on among the hills. Walter Harden instantly poured forth in a torrent, the passion of his soul, beseeched her not to shut up her sweet bosom against him, but to promise to become, before the summer was over, his wedded wife. He spoke with fervour, but trepidation—kissed her cheek—and then awaited, with a fast throbbing and palpitating heart, his Amy's reply.

There was no guile—no art—no hypocrisy, in the pure and happy heart of the Lily of Liddisdale. She took not away her hand from that of him who pressed it,—she rose not up from the turf, although her gentle side just touched his heart—she turned not away her face so beautiful—nor changed the silvery sweetness of her speech. Walter Harden was such a man, as in a war of freedom defending their mountains against a tyrant, would have advanced his presence in every scene of danger, and been chosen a leader among his pastoral compeers. Amy turned her large beaming hazel eyes upon his face, and saw that it was overshadowed. There was something in its expression too sad and solemn, mingling with the flash of hope and passion, to suffer her, with playful or careless words to turn away from herself the meaning of what she had heard. Her lover saw in her kind, but unguaged silence that to him she was but a sister; and, rising to go, he said, "Blessed be thou all the days of thy life—farewell—my sweet Amy—farewell!"

But they did not thus part. They walked together on the lonely hill side—down the banks of the little wimpling burn,—and then out of one small glen into another, and their talk was affectionate and kind. Amy heard him speak of feelings to her unknown, and almost wondered that she could be so dear to him, so necessary to his life, as he passionately vowed. Nor could such vows be unpleasant to her ear, uttered by that manly voice, and enforced by the silent speech of those bold but gentle eyes. She concealed nothing from him but frankly confessed, that hitherto she had looked upon him even as her own father's son. "Let us be happy, Walter, as we have been so long, I cannot marry you!—oh no—no; but since you say it would kill you if I married another, then I swear to you by all that is sacred—yes, by the Bible on which we have so often read together, and by yonder sun setting over the Windhead, that you never will see that day," Walter Harden was satisfied; he spoke of love and marriage no more; and in the sweet, fresh, airless and dewy quiet of evening, they walked together down into the inhabited vale, and parted, almost like brother and sister, as they had been used to do for so many happy years.

Soon after this, Amy was sent by her father to the Priory, the ancient seat of the Elliots, with some wicker baskets, which they had made for the young ladies there. A small plantation of willows was in the corner of the meadow in which their cottage stood, and from them the old shepherd and his daughter formed many articles of such elegance and ingenuity, that they did not seem out of place even in the splendid rooms of the Priory. Amy had slung some of these pieces of rural workmanship round her waist, while some were hanging on her arms, and thus she was gliding along a footpath through the old elm woods that shelter the Priory, when she met young George Elliot, the heir of that ancient family going out with his angle to the river side. The youth, who had but a short time before returned from England, where he had been for several years, knew at the first glance that the fair creature before him could be no other than the Lily of Liddisdale. With the utmost gentleness and benignity he called her by that name, and after a few words of courtesy, he smilingly asked her for one small flower basket to keep for her sake. He unloosened one from her graceful waist, and with that liberty which superior rank justified, but, at the same time with that tenderness which an amiable mind prompted, he kissed her fair forehead, and they parted,—she to the Priory, and he down to the Linn at the Cusht Wood.

Never had the Boy beheld a creature so perfectly beautiful. The silence and the songs of morning were upon the dewy woods, when that vision rose before him—his soul was full of the joy of youth—and when Amy disappeared, he wondered how he could have parted so soon—in a few moments—from that bright and beaming Dryad. Smiles had been in her eyes and round her pearly teeth while they spoke together, and he remembered the soft and fragrant look of hair that touched his lips as he gently kissed her forehead. The beauty of that living creature sank into his soul along with all the sacred influences of nature now rejoicing in the full, ripe, rich spirit of Summer, and in fancy he saw that Lily springing up in every glade through which he was now roaming, and when he had reached the Linn, on the bank too of every romantic nook and bay where the clear waters caddied or slept. "She must recross the bridge on her way home," said the enamoured Boy to himself; and fearing that Amy Gordon might already be returning from the Priory, he clambered up the face of the shrubby precipice, and bounding over the large green mossy stones, and through the entangling briars and brushwood, he was soon at the Bridge, and sat down on the high bank, under a cliff commanding a view of the path by which the fair maiden must approach on her homeward journey.

The heart of the innocent Amy had fluttered, too, as the tall, slim, graceful stripling had kissed her brow. No rudeness—no insult—no pride—no haughty freedom had been in his demeanour towards her; but she felt gladly conscious in her mind, that he had been delighted with her looks, and would perhaps, think now and then afterwards, as he walked through the woods, of the shepherd's daughter, with whom he had not disdained to speak. Amy thought, while she half looked back, as he disappeared among the trees that he was just such a youth as the old minstrel's sang of in their war or love ballads—and that he was well worthy some rich and noble bride, whom he might bring to his Hall on a snow-white palfrey with silken reins, and silver bells on its mane. And she began to recite to herself, as she walked along, one of those old Border tales.

Amy left her baskets at the Priory, and was near the Bridge, on her return, when she beheld the young Heir spring down from the bank before her, and come forward with a sparkling countenance. "I must have that sweet tress that hangs over thy sweeter forehead," said he, with a low and eager voice, "and I will keep it for the sake of the fairest flower that ever bloomed in my father's woods—even the Lily of Liddisdale." The lock was given—for how could it be refused? And the shepherdess saw the young and high-born Heir of the Priory put it into his breast. She proceeded across the hill—down the long Falcon glen—and through the Witchwood—and still he was by her side. There was a charm in his speech—and in every word he said—and in his gentle demeanour—that touched poor Amy's heart, and, as he gave her assistance, although all unneeded over the uneven hollows, and the springs and marshes, she had neither the courage, nor the wish, nor the power, to request him to turn back to the Priory. They entered a small quiet green circuit, bare of trees, in the bosom of a coppice-wood, and the youth, taking her hand, made her sit down on the mossy trunk of a fallen yew, and said, "Amy—my fair Amy—before we part—will you sing me one of your old Border songs? and let it be one of love. Did not the sons of Nobles, long ago, often love the daughters of them that dwell in huts?"

(To be Continued.)

#### MANUFACTURE OF MAPLE SUGAR BY INDIANS.

We are speaking of the remote past, and of an encampment of Ottawa Indians, in one of the maple forests skirting the western shore of Green Bay. It is in the month of April, and the hunting season is at an end. Albeit, the ground is covered with snow, the noontday sun has become

quite powerful, and the annual offering is made to the Great Spirit, by the medicine men, of the first product of one of the earliest trees in the district. This being the preparatory signal for extensive business, the women of the encampment proceed to make a large number of wooden troughs (to receive the liquid treasure), and, after these are finished, the various trees in the neighbourhood are tapped, and the juice begins to run. In the meantime, the men of the party have built the necessary fires, and suspended over them their earthen, brass, or iron kettles. The sap is now flowing in copious streams, and from one end of the camp to the other is at once presented an animated and romantic scene, which continues without interruption day and night, until the end of the sugar season. The principal employment to which the men devote themselves is that of lounging about the encampment, shooting at marks, and playing at the moccasin game; while the main part of the labour is performed by the women, who not only attend to the kettles, but employ all their leisure time to making the beautiful birchen mocuucks, for the preservation and transportation of the sugar when made, the sap being brought from the troughs to the kettles by the boys and girls. Less attention than usual is paid by the Indians at such times to their meals, and, unless game is very easily obtained, they are quite content to depend upon the sugar alone. If an Indian happens to return from the river with a fish, he throws it without any ceremony into the boiling sap, dipping it out, when cooked, with a ladle or stick; and therefore it is that we often find in the maple sugar of Indian manufacture the bones of a trout, or some more unworthy fish. That even a bird, a rabbit, or an opossum is sometimes thrown into the kettle instead of a fish is beyond a doubt; and we are not yet positively certain that the civilized fashion of eating jelly with roast lamb may not be traced to the barbarous custom of cooking animals in hot sap. That this sap itself, when known to be clear, and reduced to the consistency of molasses, is a palatable article, we are ready to maintain against the world; and we confess that, when not quite so fastidious as now, we have often eaten it in truly dangerous quantities even in the cabin of an Indian. The sugar season is dependent upon the weather; but, even when it is prolonged to four or five weeks, it commences from beginning to end to be one of hilarity and gladness. At such times, even the wolfish-looking dogs seem to consider themselves as entitled to the privilege of sticking their noses into the vessels of sap, not yet placed over the fire. And in this manner does the poor Indian welcome returning spring. It is now about the middle of June, and some fifty birchen canoes have just been launched upon the waters of Green Bay. They are occupied by our Ottawa sugar makers, who have started upon a pilgrimage to Mackinaw. The distance is nearly 200 miles, and as the canoes are heavily laden, not only with mocuucks of sugar, but with furs collected by the hunters during the past winter, and the Indians are travelling at their leisure, the party will probably reach their desired haven in the course of ten days. Well content with their accumulated treasures, both the women and the men are in a particular happy mood, and many a wild song is heard to echo over the placid lake. As the evening approaches, day after day they seek out some convenient landing place, and, pitching the wigwams on the beach, spending a goodly portion of the night in carousing and telling stories around their camp fires, resuming their voyage after a morning sleep, long after the sun has risen above the blue waters of the east. Another sunset hour, and the cavalcade of canoes is quietly gliding into the crescent bay of Mackinaw, and reaching a beautiful beach at the foot of a lofty bluff, the Indians again draw up their canoes, again erecting their wigwams. And, as the Indian traders have assembled on the spot, the more improvident of the party immediately proceed to exhibit their sugar and furs, which are usually disposed of for flour and pork, blankets and knives, guns, ammunition, and a